



I-7



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2015

<https://archive.org/details/lifelightforwome3810woma>



THE KARMARKAR FAMILY. YOUNG MOHAMMEDAN CONVERT WITH FEZ AT RIGHT ; TWO ADOPTED DAUGHTERS WITH EMBROIDERED CAPS, AND FAMINE CHILDREN. (See page 442.)

Life and Light

Vol. XXXVIII

OCTOBER, 1908

No. 10

Miss Annie H. Bradshaw, of Sendai, Japan, sailed from Seattle, August 4th, returning to her field after furlough. Miss Emily McCallum, principal of the Collegiate Institute in Smyrna, sailed from Montreal August 21st, returning from her furlough. Miss Isabel M. Coleman, of Toronto, and Miss Georgia L. Ely accompanied her, both going as teachers in the Institute.

Miss Mary L. Page, of the Normal and Preparatory School for Girls in Madrid, sailed on September 2d, returning from her furlough. Miss Bertha Howland, daughter of Rev. John Howland, missionary of the A. B. C. F. M., goes with Miss Page, to assist in the school.

Miss Marion G. MacGown, who goes to reinforce the North China Mission, left us on September 2d, expecting to sail on the Mongolia, September 18th.

Miss Jean P. Gordon, of Wai, in the Marathi Mission, arrived in Montreal for her furlough September 3d.

We have had the pleasure of little visits with Miss Charlotte Willard, W. B. M. I., of the girls' school in Marsovan, and of Mrs. Etta D. Marden, also W. B. M. I., who is returning from a summer visit in America to her important work in Gedik Pashia, Constantinople. Miss Hattie L. Hale goes with her to assist in the school, as Miss Barker's delicate health prevents her return at present.

All those connected with the Walker Missionary Home at Auburndale, and parents who are planning to send their children thither during the year, will rejoice to learn that Miss Lucile Foreman, formerly principal of our



MISS MARION G. MACGOWN

girls' school in Aintab, has consented to assume charge of the Home during the coming year. Miss Foreman has peculiar qualifications for this service, and will "give of her best to the Master," here as in Turkey.

As the Caroline Islands now belong to Germany the Liebenzeller Mission has taken charge of the missions there. But no single ladies have yet gone **THE GIRLS' SCHOOL AT TRUK, MICRONESIA.** to take care of the girls' school, and the sisters, Misses Elizabeth and Jane D. Baldwin, though much worn, remain with their charge. Their latest report gives interesting facts of the twenty-two years of the life of the school. At first cared for by natives, Mrs. Logan, Misses Kinney, Abell, Foss and Beulah Logan, with these sisters, have served it for terms of varying length.

The boarding department has enrolled 171 pupils, most of whom became earnest Christians, and many day scholars have shared its benefits. Forty-one pupils have been married in the school, most of them to young men of the training school, and twelve of these are at present employed as teachers. Twelve others have formed Christian marriages, and some of these also have taught. The girls have a foreign missionary society with fortnightly meetings for study and a daily prayer meeting for special objects. They pray earnestly that the gospel may spread through all the islands, and some of them long to go as messengers. We must give thanks for all that this school has done, and give it our loving thought as it goes into new hands.

The A. B. C. F. M. has had no missionaries in Persia since 1871, when the Presbyterian Board North fell heir to the fruit of the labors of the heroic **TROUBLOUS TIMES IN PERSIA.** pioneers, Perkins, Grant, Fidelia Fiske and others. But we must not let that field and the workers there to-day drop out of our thought and prayer. Those who have heard Mrs. B. W. Labaree, whose husband was murdered in Persia, tell of the needs and opportunities in that country to-day will not forget her glowing picture. The last few weeks have brought riots and great excitement, as the Shah has dispersed the parliament on which the people placed great hope for relief from their burdens. Looting and killing went on at Tabriz, and the missionaries there have been in grave peril. By permission specially cabled from Washington they were allowed to show the United States flag on private dwellings for protection. Some have left the country.

OUR PART. A missionary writes: "Home mail day is always a day full of joyful anticipations. Our friends in America little realize how much their letters mean to us out here, and how they help to brighten many a hard, discouraging day."

August 18th is the date whose summing up is the latest available for our October number. Two items in the report are encouraging; first that the THE TREASURER'S contributions for our regular pledged work during the STATEMENT. first ten months of the current fiscal year are a little in advance of those in the corresponding months of the previous year, the gain being \$429.22; second, that the fund for buildings amounts to \$10,823.50. This is only a small fraction of the sum needed for that purpose, but every dollar will help.

We note with concern a serious falling off in legacies, which are less than for many years. As we have said many times, to carry on our present work we must receive \$120,000 in gifts from the Branches during our financial year. The tabular statement appended below shows that we have only \$82,442.14 of this amount, and we therefore need to receive between August 18th and October 18th the sum of \$37,557.86 in contributions for regular work.

Receipts for ten months, ending August 18, 1908:—

	CONTRIBUTIONS. (For regular work.)	BUILDINGS.	SPECIALS.	LEGACIES.	TOTALS.
1907	\$82,012.92	\$4,131.63	\$3,885.11	\$10,152.76	\$100,182.42
1908	82,442.14	10,823.50	2,877.00	6,140.81	102,283.45
Gain	429.22	6,691.87			2,101.03
Loss			1,008.11	4,011.95	

WE have received an admirable responsive reading for a praise service, following the titles of the study books of the Christus series, *Via Christi*, *Lux Christi*, etc. It is issued by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church, 501 Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Modern Crusade in the Turkish Empire, edited by Miss Flora A. Fensham, B.D. Miss Fensham was long a missionary in Turkey. The HELP FOR MISSION CONGREGATIONALISTS are the only denomination having STUDY FOR 1909. missions in Turkey proper. This book presents in a brief and forceful way our work in that land. It is a necessary aid to the study book, *The Nearer and Farther East*. In the light of recent stirring events in Turkey, this book is a timely contribution to the study of missions. Price not more than fifteen cents. Order of The Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior, Room 523, 40 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

We are printing a new responsive service, called Divine Love. Price one cent, ten cents per dozen. Also, we have still copies of the one sent FOR THANK-OFFERING out and much liked last year. We expect that MEETINGS. Mrs. Montgomery's new book, *How to Use*, the new text-book, will soon be ready for distribution. Price, ten cents.

THE September number of the *Helping Hand*, the bright little quarterly issued by the Armenia and India Association, contains several sketches, with photographs, that illustrate well our study of Moslem conditions. Send to Miss Emily C. Wheeler, 24 Oread Street, Worcester, Mass.

We wish to call attention to an issue of The Envelope Series by the American Board entitled "An Ideal for College Girls." That it is written AN INVESTMENT FOR by Miss F. J. Dyer is an assurance that its central COLLEGE GIRLS. thought is presented with attractive impressiveness. There are hundreds of gracious and cultured young women to whom this message might come as an inspiration to a sphere of leadership in the Divine Master's service. There is no limit of time to the results of spiritual ministry in the varied realm of the kingdom of our Lord Jesus. A life, such as is here interpreted, reveals the power of a conception of foreign missions as caught from Him and by him led into wealth and beauty of personal influence. All earnest and eager young women are longing for activity and influence. They should read this record of thirty years of an earthly life which is such a prelude to a heavenly as the Lord Jesus delights to treasure. Copies may be had for five cents, and in a more attractive style for fifteen cents, on application to J. G. Hosmer, 14 Beacon Street, Boston.

S. B. C.

THE EDUCATED NATIVE: FACT VS. THEORY

A PAMPHLET with the above title gives the results of a careful inquiry made by the Rev. A. E. Le Roy, of the American Zulu Mission in Natal, concerning the boys who have passed through his seminary during the last fifty years. There are now living over 800 whose lives can be traced, and of these it is found that only eleven (less than one and a half per cent) have ever been convicted of crime. Of forty-seven of these boys at present employed in Durban, unqualified approval was expressed in forty-four instances by their employers (whose names are given). A similar inquiry concerning those working in Johannesburg showed that out of forty-four boys, unqualified approval was given in thirty-eight cases, five were slightly less satisfactory, and only one had been discharged—and that for drunkenness. "Gets drunk occasionally, just like a white man, but absolutely the best boy I've ever had!" writes one employer.

Prison statistics regarding educated natives tell a similar story. Out of nearly two thousand criminals in Durban gaol during 1904-05, there were only five sufficiently educated to read in the Fourth Reader. According to the Census Report of Natal, only eighty-two out of 1,862 natives in gaol on the day of the census were able to read and write.—*Chronicle*.

A CHART OF AFRICA

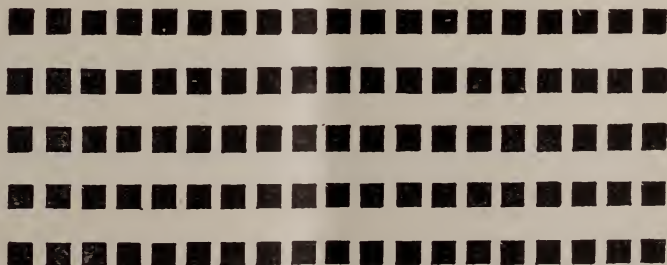
To understand this chart properly we must read the figures with the imagination. Think what it would mean to you were all that Christianity has brought taken out of society, out of your own personal life and surroundings. Then imagine the endless procession of only one million passing before you in all their ignorance and misery. Then multiply as the chart indicates, and ask yourself what message this brings to you. For the chart we are indebted to the courtesy of the *Woman's Evangel*, published by the Woman's Missionary Association of the United Brethren.

RELIGIOUS DIVISIONS OF AFRICA



EACH CRESCENT REPRESENTS ONE MILLION MOHAMMEDANS

<i>EACH CROSS</i>	+	+	+	<i>THE WHITE CROSS</i>
<i>REPRESENTS ONE MILLION</i>	+	+	+	<i>REPRESENTS LESS THAN ONE</i>
<i>NOMINAL CHRISTIANS</i>	+	+	+	<i>MILLION CHRISTIAN COMMUNICANTS</i>
	+	+	+	



EACH SQUARE REPRESENTS ONE MILLION PAGANS

A NEWCOMER IN TURKEY

BY MISS ETHEL JAYNES, OF MARSOVAN

LET me say, first of all, that I am at home here—there is no feeling of being shut off from the world, of being associated with a strange and foreign people, or of being deprived of the necessities, even the luxuries of life. (I can now hear the station children singing “Yankee Doodle” out in Mr. White’s garden—a reminiscence of our Fourth of July fun.) Of course many conditions are very, very different from anything I have been accustomed to at home. One cannot jump on a street car and spin away to a neighboring village, or go to a bustling railroad station to meet



LEAVING MARSOVAN, PERSONALLY CONDUCTED

friends who have come hundreds of miles in a few hours; one cannot go to a great department store and find ready-made clothing, or to a milliner’s and get just the latest styled hat. But instead of all this we fix our own clothes and hats, or send to Constantinople or Germany for them; we get into an *araba* or, better still for me, on horseback, and drive or ride off where we please.

Of course I can never go alone—must always have an escort. Does it sound queer to say that I have not been outside our compound alone since I have been here? But we have such a large enclosure, and there is so much to do right here—work and play, too, for we have pleasant gardens and

tennis courts and athletic grounds inside our wall—that I have not at all felt shut in. More than that, there is always some one ready to accompany me if I wish to go outside, and the gentlemen are most considerate in arranging for horseback rides. We have, too, many delightful social events during the year, receptions, dinners, concerts, etc., which occur at the missionary houses, the college or our school, and which bring together with us our splendid circle of native workers—teachers, professors and their families, and students—and often include other friends from the city. I imagine it would astonish you much to attend such a reception as the



BRINGING A PATIENT TO MARSOVAN HOSPITAL, AND THE CROWD ON CLINIC DAY

Y. M. C. A. gave last fall for Mr. and Mrs. Hicks; where nearly every one of the two or three hundred present would come up and address you in English and give you a most courteous, cordial welcome; where styles of dress differed little or not at all from those in vogue at home.

You know these Greek and Armenian people are of the white race, though most of them have very dark hair and eyes and olive complexions; oftentimes they look like friends at home. It is different with some of the Turkish people, though many of their women look much like our own. As to disposition and character, our girls have much to overcome, and the struggle needs all the help and confidence and inspiration that we teachers

can give. But to see the contrast between an entering preparatory class and a graduating senior gives one assurance that much can be accomplished, and that, although only nine or ten well-trained girls go out from us each year, still they form a mighty leaven which is permeating the whole region.

So much for the general aspect of things here. My particular work the past year has been to teach algebra, geometry, physics, physiology and gymnastics, the last being given to all the boarders and the senior and junior class day scholars. My Sunday work has been chiefly in connection with the Christian Endeavor, of which I have had charge, but the coming year

will undoubtedly see me in the Sunday school as well. I have not found my teaching materially different from that at home, except that the girls have more or less difficulty in understanding perfectly their English text-books. My own study has been in modern Greek, which I have thoroughly enjoyed, with a private lesson four times a week. Ancient Greek has helped me much and has had new life and interest for me through the modern. At Easter time I had the pleasure of helping in the training of the Greek chorus of mixed voices. I have had some part, too, in the sewing work and in rhetorical, and of course there are various meetings to be



GIRLS IN PEASANT COSTUME FOR A "DRESS-UP" SOCIAL.

led throughout the year. You have no doubt heard much of the annual meeting which has just been held here. It was a great privilege to have such a group of earnest, capable men and women with us, and we were especially delighted with the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Wiggin. It would be taken for granted that questions of methods of work, of needs of the various stations, should be the main cause for the coming together of so many representatives, and that, consequently, morning and afternoon and sometimes evening sessions would be held; but few would imagine the delightful reception and afternoon teas which gave us opportunity for meeting informally and getting really acquainted. The college "park" supplied us with many

beautiful flowers for decorations—pansies, marguerites, roses, nasturtiums, carnations, etc. I enclose a picture of the annual meeting group taken on the "Fourth." The privilege of having the flag flying during the consul's visit made us bold to hoist it just long enough for this picture. And as we turned and saw it floating so proudly in the breeze, heartily there burst forth, "O, say, can you see," etc.; and as "Old Glory" was lowered, Mr. Charles Tracy led off in cheers—"Hip! Hip! Hoo-ray!" Oh, it was great!



ANNUAL MEETING OF WESTERN TURKEY MISSION AT MARSOVAN

You ask about difficulties. They are not very different from those to be met in any place, and you may easily guess what they are—lack of equipment, of room, of money, need of more capable, consecrated helpers—this in general. In particular, the problem of adjustment in a new environment, of being able to put one's self into the experiences of people who have lived such different lives from ours, of being cheerful and patient and helpful at all times, is not easy of solution. Yet with the privileges and opportunities that lie before me here, it would be a strange Christian who could have anything but thanksgiving in his heart so long as this seemed to be his place to work.

“MAN's height is measured by the character of the object he worships.”

IN THE WAKE OF THE DOCTOR

BY MRS. JAMES SMITH, OF BOMBAY

(See frontispiece.)

[Mrs. Smith gives most of her time to evangelistic work among the women where Dr. Karmarkar's service of healing has opened the door.—ED.]

I HAVE just returned from a four weeks' holiday—the first since the hot season a year ago, as we did not go away at Christmas—and have begun my work again among the heathen women. These are nearly all Dr. Gurubai Karmarkar's patients, and it is a real privilege to work for them. Dr. Gurubai's name is a household word in this part of Bombay, and she has many patients in other parts of the city as well. Her work for the sick brings hope and joy to many homes, and opens the way for Christian teaching. It is so much easier for people to believe in our message when they have experienced its practical results as shown by Dr. Gurubai's loving service. My first call was on Sonubai, a Mahratta woman, a former patient, who has, since I first met her eight months ago, always given me a cordial welcome. She has lost her three children, and needs help and comfort. She seems to be deeply interested in the Bible stories and teaching, and often calls in a neighbor to hear the lessons for the day. Her little maid-of-all-work comes in, too, and I have spent many happy hours in this home, where there is such a hearty response to the message of God's love. Her first word is a warm welcome as she takes my hand, and leads me in with a home-like hospitality that is rare in this caste-ridden land, and, as I take leave, the last word is, "When will you come again?"

My next visit in turn was to a little girl-wife commended to me by a missionary friend in Poona, in whose school she had been taught. There are no children in the home, and her husband is much older than she is. The older wife, who calls her "Sister," seems a gentle, kind woman, but Bubbibai speaks of her home in Poona with a wistful longing. She seems very homesick, and there were unshed tears in her eyes on my last two visits. I am afraid she is unhappy. But they allow me to visit her freely, and I hope the other women will soon be as much interested in the Bible lessons as she is. This is one of the difficult places.

From here I went to a *charul* (apartment house), where two Brahmin women, patients of Dr. Gurubai, have their homes. There are two children—a boy and a girl—very sweet and attractive. Gangutai answered my knock and I saw at a glance that she was serving her husband's dinner, though it was long past the usual time. I had other calls to make and said that I would come again, but she would not hear of this, and her husband

called out from within saying that he had just finished, and that I must not go away. So I was ushered into their sitting room beyond, through the room where he sat at dinner—a most unusual proceeding, for which I felt constrained to apologize. I stayed only long enough to see the children, as one of them was ailing and fretful and needed his mother, but went away feeling that it was not in vain, as they were both so cordial—the husband, though he still sat at dinner, stopping to join in his wife's urgent invitation for me to come as often as I could. This is a unique experience. I have



STREET IN BOMBAY

never before been invited to enter a Brahmin's dining room at meal time. I expect to begin regular teaching in this house on my next visit.

My next call was the first meeting with another Brahmin woman of whom Dr. Gurubai had told me. It was another attractive little home and a hearty welcome. After a little talk of what Dr. Gurubai had done for her, of her home and her husband, I found that she could read, and offered to bring her some simple stories which she seemed pleased to accept. These

first visits usually open the way for Christian teaching, and this seems a very promising home.

When I rose to take leave, Sunderabai insisted on my having tea, and promised not to keep me long, as I had another appointment. She brought in her little brass stove and her tiny kettle, and in five minutes gave me a very nice cup of tea. Tea, by the way, as usually made here—boiled with sugar and spices into a syrup—is often a bit of an ordeal. I have never learned to like it, but am glad to take it as a step in the pleasant process of getting acquainted.

On another day recently I visited a Marathi family, taking one of the suburban trains as it was far out, only to find the younger women away for a holiday visit. The head of the house was at home, and, after a friendly greeting, he told me that his mother-in-law was at home, and would be glad to see me. She came in presently and, after greetings and enquiries after the family, I read to her the story of the woman of Sychar. She seemed to take in the spiritual truths of the lesson, and after we had talked for some time and sung some hymns, when I was about to leave she asked for some mangoes to be brought, and, after cutting them up nicely, she gave me some and ate some herself. There was a young man about the house who seemed to belong to the family, and I enquired after he had gone out who he was, as he seemed to be deeply interested in the lesson as we talked over it. She said he was a servant of the family, and added, "But he is one of us; when we have a faithful servant we treat him as one of the family." He came in just then and she offered him some of the fruit—a second unique experience in one week. In all the years that I have gone in and out of homes in India no one has ever sat down to eat with me, though I have often received fruit or cooked food, and when the poor boy sat down to eat with us it was truly a strange experience, and I felt that the bonds of caste and class were loosening.

These are but a few of Dr. Gurubai's patients; there are many other homes where her loving service opens the doors and the hearts of the women to gospel teaching. Since last November I have given my whole time to this work, with the exception of such help as I have been able to give Mr. Smith in the singing at his evening meetings for students, and I hope to do more still as the work grows. The work of the Bible women was closed a year and a half ago. I am trying to reopen it, but under difficulties. I have only one Bible woman just now. She is advanced in years, but active for her age, and a very impressive speaker. She has access to a large number of respectable homes, and also does a good work among the very poor, whose homes are squalid and wretched. I have taken several rounds with

her, and am planning another this week. She has great ability, and presents the Truth in a very attractive and forcible way, always getting a good hearing and a hearty response. Being advanced in years she speaks to all in the house—to men if any happen to be present, though her work is for women—and all listen respectfully. She is very much in earnest. I am hoping to secure an associate for her soon, but we have not nearly as many trained Bible women as we need. I very much need an associate in my own work—a good Christian woman of experience, as I find it hard to teach in all the homes; the women are fond of singing, and I find it specially hard to sing alone. There is so much truth in the hymns, and it seems to appeal to them when sung to their own native airs. It is a most important aid in preaching the gospel, but thus far I have not been able to find any such help. Too little is known of the work that Dr. Gurubai is doing here, and of the opportunities for evangelistic work in following up her efforts by regular Christian teaching in the homes.

A WEEK IN INDIA'S VILLAGES

BY MRS. W. W. RANNEY, HARTFORD, CONN.

THE particular villages of India, about which I want to tell you, are in what I like to call Mr. Fairbank's diocese. For Mr. Edward Fairbank is a beloved bishop or father over one hundred and fifty villages with sixty thousand inhabitants. His headquarters are at Vadala, which is a village twenty-seven miles *tonga* ride from Ahmednagar. Vadala is in the famine country, with scarcely a blade of grass to beautify the landscape at that dry and dusty time of the year—the month of March—when we were there.

Here is a school for one hundred and fifty boys and another for one hundred girls. We saw one recitation going on out in that terribly hot sun—160 degrees—for want of room within. Mrs. Fairbank has a lace school for about thirty of the girls who come too old to learn easily, or whose brains have been stunted by the famine. This school teaches them a way to earn their living. She also trains seven Bible women, who often have admission to homes where no foreigner would be welcome, and who get hold of the hearts of the poor women of India who are kept in strict retirement and have so little joy.

A feature of the work which interested us greatly was Mr. Fairbank's office hours. From eleven in the morning until one, lines of men are waiting outside his door for his advice about every conceivable thing. They bring their quarrels to him, and it is a fact of interest that no case has been taken to court in Vadala district for many years, such confidence have they

in his judgment and justice. They love him dearly, and he is a real father to them.

Just before we came, a man brought him a valuable sword, saying that he had been wicked and had bought this sword to kill a man, but now he wanted to be a Christian. However, he did not trust himself to keep the sword, and he gave it into Mr. Fairbank's care until he should be strong enough to have it near. Many such stories could be told.

When this Congregational bishop makes tours to the different villages, he



VILLAGE STREET IN INDIA

does three things. First, he holds a meeting for the Christians, including the native pastor, if there is one, to encourage them; second, he holds an evangelistic service or a stereopticon lecture to draw people who are not Christians and tell them the gospel; and third, if there is a little village school, he conducts an examination to see if they keep up to the standard. In one of these villages where there was no school, some of the chief men came to him saying that they had many castes, and were disagreed about

many things, but one thing they were agreed on—they would furnish the lot and build a school and send their children to it if he would send them a teacher. And yet he had to refuse them for the lack of thirty dollars—the salary of a teacher! There are ten villages which want such schools. In a school we visited the children sat on the earthen floor, their bright eyes popping out of their heads at the sight of such queer looking foreigners. The teacher had them repeat the multiplication table, the commandments, and read, write and spell for us. About the door stood proud mothers with their babies on their hips—as they carry them in India—toothless, wrinkled old grandfathers, grinning with pride. No one can estimate the value of



VILLAGE SCHOOL IN MARATHI MISSION

such a school in breaking down the curse of caste and lifting the people out of degradation.

On Sunday morning we drove ten miles behind a horse which Mr. Fairbank had just broken in, for missionaries have to be able to turn their hands to anything. Ten miles it was to the village where he was to hold service. A large crowd was waiting for him. There had been a serious quarrel in the village the week before, and Mr. Fairbank preached on the text, "As I have loved you, so love ye one another." You can imagine how ashamed they began to feel as he told them of the love of Christ, and that they should have this love one for the other. The collection was unique to us, for on

the plate beside a few small coins were eggs and wheat. Many of them to make this gift would have to go without a meal. A young man was baptized, which would probably mean breaking with his family. His father and mother would turn him out, and no one would employ him, for had he not broken caste—a fateful thing in India!

That afternoon at Vadala we saw thirty-four young people come into the church. Two of these churches, by great scrimping and sacrifice, have become independent, and others hope to do so.

In closing I want to tell you about a stereopticon lecture which was held in the street of a village, one side of a mud house making a screen. Mr. Fairbank began by putting kaleidoscopic effects and pictures of New York skyscrapers and strange animals on the screen until a crowd had collected to see the magic. Then came the story of the prodigal son, and he told them of the Father who had loved them, his children, these many years. Would they keep him waiting much longer?

Such is the barest survey of a part of the work that wonderful couple are doing in India—two of whom the world is not worthy. And do you wonder that although we saw that gem—the most beautiful building in the world, the Taj Mahal, and the Himalayas lifting their snowy summits twenty-nine thousand feet heavenwards—that still we thought the greatest thing we had seen in India was the work of the Christian missionaries. “For the greatest of these is love.”

MADURA SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS

(We have in the city of Madura five elementary schools for Hindu girls, taught by Hindu Christians and supervised by Mrs. David S. Herrick. Four of these are stationed near the city gates, and are called the gate schools, East, West, North and South, while the fifth is called the Central School. The W. B. M. aids the support of these schools, and we are glad to present some interesting paragraphs from Mrs. Herrick's latest report.)

THERE are Christian Endeavor Societies in connection with all our schools; the pledge being modified for Hindu children. Many of the children contribute regularly to the Sunday school and Christian Endeavor Society. There is such a difference in appearance between the girls who have studied with us and those who have been in Hindu or government schools. Our girls seem to have a certain air of refinement that many of the others lack. We have about forty girls in the four schools this year, in the fourth class, and we are making strenuous efforts to keep them another year. It does not seem wise to open the fifth class this year, but we shall have it in mind and be making the necessary preparations throughout the year for opening it another year.

In connection with our mission we have a prize Bible examination once a year—in July. All of our agents are expected to take up the lessons for this examination. The assistant teachers in the four schools, all women, come to me every Saturday and we go over the lessons together. This year we are studying the geography of Palestine and Robert Speer's book on the life of Christ. All the work is done in Tamil and that keeps me busy. I also give out supplies for the schools on Saturdays—thread and needles, paper and pencils, etc. The head masters come once a month for the pay meeting and we talk over school affairs. My principal work is superintending the schools, carrying on correspondence with the government, etc. The teaching is all in the vernacular.

The South Gate School is still in the building that was erected soon after Mrs. Capron's return to America. One half of the compound is used for the girls' school, the other half contains a school for Hindu boys—the latter building being used for the church services of the South Gate congregation. Mr. Suntharam, the head master, is quite ambitious in many ways. He has managed to have a pretty garden in the school compound, and every year insists upon giving the manager a bunch of plantains grown in his garden. It is a pretty sight to see something green all the year round. The school children have a small place for play; of course large grounds are not so necessary in a day school. There is one large room and the teachers' rooms downstairs. He and his wife have their classes in the downstairs room. Upstairs there is a large room and a small room. The upper part has large, open windows for light and air. The downstairs is not so open as the children are nearer the street. There are ninety-two children on the rolls at present, but there will be more later on. A fair percentage of the children attend the Sunday schools held every Sunday in each building. At present they are studying the International Sunday School Lessons. There is a regular daily Bible lesson for each class.

The West Gate School is on one of the main streets of the city, and as it is near our West Gate Church many of our Christian girls attend the school. We were not able to buy sufficient land in that busy part of the city to put up a building of our own, so were obliged to buy a native house right on the street. We have adapted it as well as we can, but of course an upper story would be a great help as there is no room large enough for all the children to get together for general exercises. The house is built in the usual way around a small court. The situation is a central one, so we are willing to put up with some inconveniences, but the teachers' quarters are very crowded, and the whole building shut in and inconvenient. Mr. Samuel Joseph, the head master, has been in the school nearly fifteen years,

and is a valuable man. He has been a staunch supporter of our West Gate Church, although he came from the Church Missionary Society Mission. In fact, many of our helpers in the beginning came from this society south of us, but nearly all have joined our churches and have been very helpful. Of course we are using many of our own trained teachers now, both men and women.

The new building at the North Gate is much larger than the old building, but none too large for one hundred girls. There are several rival schools in the vicinity of the North Gate School, opened recently, by Lutherans, Roman Catholics and Hindus, and the head master, Mr. Yesedian, has to work hard to keep his children. The city is not divided into districts, as is the case at home, and we sometimes think the government is too ready to recognize other schools, although they may interfere with the work of already existing schools. However, we are not discouraged, and try to do the best we can to hold our children, but we certainly do not use unlawful methods to keep them, which all our rival schools could not honestly say. We are finding some difficulty in securing teachers just at present. There seem to be fewer girls coming from the training school. Some of them are employed in their own homes; others would come to Madura if there was any suitable place for them to stay.

One interesting thing about the head master of the Central School is that although not a high-caste man he has much influence in the neighborhood of the school, and no objection is made by the high-caste people to sending their children there. When the schools were first opened it would have been impossible to have any but a high-caste head master and high-caste teachers. Now some of the most acceptable of the teachers are anything but high caste. The Hindus are beginning to look upon our Christians as a caste by themselves; they see that the Christians are rising in the social scale, that they are gaining the respect of all classes, and that it is of no use to hold out against them. In the same way many of our low-caste Bible women are received into Brahmin homes, not always as equals, but still received, which is a great step forward. Of course the Hindu will not eat with a Christian, or intermarry, but socially the Christians are being received more and more.

The Central School is very near one of the large temples with its various attractions; also there is a girls' school, opened by the government some years ago, not far away—but we hold our own in spite of the school and the temple.

The head master has a cunning little family, the children are lovable little things and not the least bit shy. The children in the Central School

are mostly children of well-to-do people, and on gala days they come out in their bright clothes and jewels and make a pretty sight. The Central School is built on the same general plan as the South Gate and the North Gate Schools, in a circular compound, with a small court in the center.

OUR SCHOOL IN MADRID

From the latest report of the Preparatory and Normal School for Girls in Spain, by Miss Anna F. Webb, Directora, we take a few paragraphs:—

IN all the different departments we have been glad to note the more liberal feeling on the part of parents and friends of the pupils toward us and the school. The number of girls from Roman Catholic families is steadily on the increase, and in nearly every instance, before the year is over, we find that the girls either show a desire to become one with us, or have experienced an uplift in their own spiritual life, and we cannot but feel, that while a number will never become Protestants in name, they will help to purify and spiritualize their own Roman Catholic church, and their influence among their family and friends will be to liberalize and tend to break down the blighting prejudice of the Spanish women toward any evangelical thought and life.

During the year eight of our students have affiliated themselves with one of the Protestant churches in Madrid, and this included nearly all of those old enough to do so, who had not already become church members.

The religious exercises of the school have been continued as in past years, and consist of chapel exercises in the mornings, weekly section prayer meetings with the teachers, Sunday-school lessons with certain groups, Christian Endeavor and Junior Endeavor Societies, and bi-monthly song services. The pupils attend Sunday morning services in different churches in the city, according to the denomination or preference of the parents.

One yearly meeting of the Christian Endeavor Society which is most interesting is that of *Compañerismo* (companionship). This is held in all the Spanish societies, and its most attractive feature consists of letters and messages read from other societies all over the country. It is a peculiarly interesting meeting to our society, which may be said to be the mother society of dozens of others in different parts of Spain. For they have been started and fostered by former pupils of this school. So on this night we have letters from many friends and former members of our school family, dating back to the very first years of Mrs. Gulick's work in Santander. Beautiful letters they are, too, telling of struggles and triumphs, of joys and sorrows, but all of them hopeful.

In May the Assembly of Protestant Pastors met in Madrid, and the society had the pleasure of meeting many of these workers who are bearing aloft the evangelical standards in different parts of this priest-ridden country, and several services were conducted by the visiting ministers.

The scholarship fund has also had some most welcome gifts; but, alas, even with this help, the amount is sadly inadequate to answer the appeals from deserving, hard-working parents, who are pitifully anxious to give their daughters a Christian education.

WORK AT SACHIKELA, WEST AFRICA

BY MRS. ELIZABETH LOGAN ENNIS

SINCE we have no one on our station directly connected with the Woman's Board, I am going to write to you a little about our work. I do not wish you to forget us; though we are the least of all the stations in

point of work accomplished, we are rich in opportunity. This is the day that Sachikela station is on the prayer calendar, so I feel as though there are many prayers going up for our embryo work.



MRS. ELIZABETH LOGAN ENNIS

Of course you know of the withdrawal of the Wellmans on account of Dr. Wellman's ill health; this leaves Mr. Ennis and myself alone on the station. We have gotten along very well thus far, though being unable to leave the place restricts us sadly in the village work. It is nearly two years and a half since the first bit of work was done at Sachikela station. The site is a beautiful one, at the foot of Mt. Elende, on the site of Samokaka's village. Samokaka was a famous chief who led in a rebellion against the

government, and was extremely influential and powerful among the natives, who tell weird tales about his supernatural powers. The country is very thickly settled, but we are not very near to the native villages; the nearest is nearly an hour's distance, and there are many two and three hours distant.

Mr. Ennis and Dr. Wellman have each built comfortable little brick houses. There is a grass schoolhouse, and during the wet season we built a large grass church building, but in March a severe windstorm blew the roof off, quite ruining it. The native village on the station consists of one long street, with several permanent houses and many temporary huts. Of course our native population here at the station is a shifting one, and as we employ all that are here we have had to turn away a great many because we could not afford to hire them, though there is plenty of work to be done. A number of men have expressed themselves as desirous of coming here to live, but their wives are yet unwilling to leave their heathen lives and the social intercourse of their villages. I long to have some work among the women; many of them come to the Sunday services and show a great deal of interest, and we are praying that in this way their hearts may be touched so that they will wish to know more. As soon as I am more proficient in the language I hope to go out to some of the villages once a week and talk to the women. As long as Dr. and Mrs. Wellman were here they went each month to some village staying several days and holding evangelistic services. This is the crying need at present—touring among the villages—and one we cannot do while alone. The Sunday services are largely attended. We have church at ten in the morning, followed by Sunday school and a song service with the boys on the place in the afternoon. One Sunday, not long ago, I had a class of women, they had not been there before, and everything I said they repeated over after me as they had heard the others do in learning the Golden Text. I said, "Keep still now and I will explain," and they repeated, "Keep still now and I will explain," in all seriousness, and all my attempts were similarly echoed. One of the villages have asked for a school, and we hope to start one there in the autumn; we have one native man and wife who are capable of teaching, and will have them take charge of it while Mr. Ennis and I will have a school on the station. Some of them are so eager to learn it makes one anxious to help them, and, in general, while many are, especially among the women, satisfied with their native ways, there are some who long for they know not what, and among these we shall train some who will go out and help their own people. This is the hope of the whole country.

Will you not pray for us that we may be able to enter the wide-open door, and that this needy district may have the opportunity to hear the "good news?"

JAPAN is only a little more than half the size of Texas.

OUR SCHOOL AT INANDA, SOUTH AFRICA

From the annual report, by Miss Fidelia Phelps, missionary since 1884 :—

THE industrial work has been carried on as heretofore. The laundry still lives, but has been in a languishing state of late, owing to the removal of two customers to regions remote from Inanda. We still have two regular customers left, and several more irregular ones, and with the work which our school and teachers furnish, we are able to give more or less training in this industry to seventy-five or eighty girls. When the laundry work is not sufficient to keep the allotted number employed during the five laundry days, it is supplemented with weeding, grass cutting or some out-of-door work. It is very probable that we might obtain more laundry work if we were to resort to newspaper advertising, but the uncertainties in connection with transport to and from the station make us hesitate to do this. The cattle scourge is not yet stamped out in the land. We have our cattle still, but are not allowed to use them beyond the mission station. We are thankful to have had them for another season's ploughing. Rains came in good time at the last ploughing season, and Mrs. Edwards, who still directs the farming operations, had larger fields ploughed and planted with beans and mealies than usual. The bean crop, though not equal to what she estimated it should be at the planting time, was very satisfactory. It amounted to eighty-four bushels. It is impossible to give an accurate statement of the mealie crop as the harvesting is not finished, but it has been disappointing; not more than half as much as we hoped for probably. The failure of the crop was due to drought for several weeks when the mealies were half grown. Early in the season an immense swarm of locusts paid us a visit and settled for a night on the fields and on the trees and grass near by, but the following day took their departure without doing any real damage. We were mercifully spared a second visit from them in March, when they might have done much more damage.

In the midst of the daily routine of the academic and industrial pursuits we have endeavored ever to keep in mind ourselves, and never let our pupils lose sight of the paramount aim and purpose of the school, namely, the building up of true Christian character upon the one and only true foundation, Jesus Christ, the Saviour of sinners. A half hour daily is devoted to the direct study of the Scriptures in classes, and in weekly meetings and on Sundays the gospel is brought to their ears, and in many cases it really reaches their hearts and lives. Very few are indifferent to the message, and there are some whose lives bear witness to the true light within.

DIONG-LOH AFTER A YEAR'S ABSENCE

BY MRS. EVELYN WORTHLEY SITES

SIX weeks ago we came down to Foochow for a few days and I spent the Sabbath again at Diong-loh, and more than ever I wished to share with you what I saw and felt in the dear old place. A year of absence enables me to think of the school a bit more impersonally than I could when I was in it, though the little institution will always be, in a peculiar way, the child of my dreams and prayers; and the girls take me back quite as if I had never run away. Still it was possible for me to see their growth, in a year, as I could not have seen it if I had been there all the time; and I can say with joy that the school is doing a wonderful and beautiful work. On the Sunday of my visit twenty of the older girls were baptized and took the church covenant, as a first step toward entering into full membership next fall. They had expected to go to the church in the morning, but it rained and so the baptismal ceremony took place in the Abbie Child Memorial building. To me it seemed very fitting and beautiful that it should be there. As one by one each girlie rose in quiet and reverent response to her summons and came forward to receive the holy rite, I could see her as she first appeared before us when the school opened three years ago. There was Perfect Flower, the first comer—timid little woman, how wretchedly homesick she was that first day! She has always been a very dear, satisfactory girl. I remember the night when she knelt by my side, in a meeting Miss Newton was leading, and gave her little heart to Jesus. How earnestly she had listened all through the talk! It was a very real matter to the little girl then; and so it was on this great day, as in simplicity and quiet confidence she made her confession of faith. Then came "E. Geuk," who had been such a problem when she came to us—a much petted girl from a wealthy home; how she has sweetened in the atmosphere of the school life! Last of all came Ieng Nguk, who, for two years, seemed hopeless enough—so uncouth and untrained, and in every way difficult. I could hardly recognize in the neat, womanly girl before me the Ieng Nguk of other days. The poor girl is of heathen parentage, and was afraid they would oblige her to worship idols when she got home, so in honesty she did not ask to enter the church at first; but she wanted to be baptized so much, and so sincerely purposed not to have any part in heathen rites, that we could not bear to refuse her the comfort of it. The whole service was most impressive and beautiful. If Miss Child could have seen this, the first ingathering from the Memorial School, how her heart would have rejoiced! We know not, indeed, but that she did know and did rejoice.

It was a great happiness to observe the work of the school—the happy atmosphere, the steady, well-ordered progress, the quiet womanliness of the dear girls. It has been a year of great sacrifice for Miss Osborne in many ways, and it seems as if all sorts of unexpected things had conspired to make it hard for her, but nothing is more true than that the life she has so unselfishly sown in sacrifice is bearing a noble harvest in many a soul won Christward, both within the big school gates and all over the valleys of Diong-loh.

Dear Elizabeth Perkins is a jewel. How many times I have thanked God for her, and that she is just Elizabeth Perkins and no one else!

SUPERSTITION IN CHINA

THE Chinese are a very clever people, especially in matters concerning material things and the gaining of property. So we are the more surprised to find that they hold some gross superstitions. During the Chino-Japanese war a telegraph line was erected which should connect the scattered stations of the Japanese forces. As in a somewhat remote place a missionary came to this line, he saw, to his amazement, Chinese, all wrapped up, standing on the house roofs and firing guns into the air. On inquiry he found that they were shooting the spirits that travel to and fro on the wires. They did this to prevent the spirits from taking possession of the people, and working their ill will upon them. They had heard the whirring of the wire, and thought the noise was made by the spirits who went back and forth to carry the messages to the appointed place.

In many towns in China the deity is three times a year drawn through the streets in solemn procession. A crowd follows of men, women and children wrapped in red cloth. That is the garment of criminals condemned to death. The whole crowd is made up of those who have sinned against the god. Their hands and feet are bound with chains, and each bears his death sentence fastened to his back. All have through some fault, of which most of them are unconscious, drawn down the displeasure of the idol, and he has punished by severe sickness. They have all made vows, or their friends have for them, which they thus fulfill.

A Chinese boy was betrothed, according to their custom, to a little girl who died while still a child. He grew up, was well educated, married and became father of several children. Then the parents of his early betrothed begged him to marry her spirit. While he was absent the ceremony was carried out with much display. Her coffin was brought from its burial place, and all details of the marriage pomp solemnly carried out.

The Chinese not only deceive each other, but also their deities and the evil spirits whom they fear. One day a child came to the missionary clothed as a girl, only the feet were not bound. As the missionary looked more closely he saw that it was not a girl but a little boy whom he knew. All the male members of the family had died, and the women thought the spirits had some special grudge against them. Now, the question was how to protect this boy, the only child, from their anger, and they hit upon this plan. As girls are thought of little value they could put the lad into girls' clothes, and the spirits wouldn't think it worth while to meddle, and so he would be safe.

How great the need for gospel light to shine into the darkness of this error; and what cause for thanksgiving that the Chinese are waking from their long sleep, and are shaking off the chains of superstition and idolatry.—*From Missionsblatt für Kinder.*

A NOTE OF APPRECIATION

SOFIA, BULGARIA, August 22, 1908.

To the Women's Missionary Board of the Congregational Church in America:—

DEAR SISTERS: In view of the approach of the semi-centennial of missionary work carried on in Bulgaria by the missionary societies of the M. E. Church of America and the American Board, the two missions appointed a joint committee last year to draw up a program for the due celebration of the event in Sofia, the capital of Bulgaria.

The celebration took place according to the program the 11th–17th inst. Most of the missionaries and the majority of the native pastors, preachers, teachers and other workers of the two missions attended.

The various papers and addresses given by missionaries and Bulgarian pastors before large audiences covered the various departments of mission work—evangelistic, educational and literary—during the last fifty years, memorable years for the spiritual regeneration of the Bulgarian nation.

With grateful hearts toward the two missionary Boards, the British and Foreign Bible Society, the American Bible Society, the American Tract Society, the British Tract Society, the Bible Land's Missions Aid Society, and the Women's Foreign Missionary Societies of the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Congregational Church in America, the pastors, preachers, teachers and other workers of both missions attending the semi-centennial celebration voted unanimously to express their heartfelt thanks to each and all of the aforementioned societies for the good work accomplished by them in both missions in Bulgaria.

Although a great spiritual work has been accomplished in Bulgaria during the last fifty years, yet we feel the work has been largely preparatory for a mighty spiritual revival which we hope will soon break out in Bulgaria, and for which we all do pray and work.

On behalf of all the native workers of both missions in Bulgaria and Macedonia,

M. N. POPOFF, *President.*

MISSIONARY LETTERS

WESTERN TURKEY

We who have always lived in a land of constitutional freedom can hardly appreciate the passion of joy with which the people in Turkey received the gift of July 24, 1908. Miss Anna B. Jones, of Gedik Pasha, in the heart of old Stamboul, tells us a little about it:—

We are living in grand and awful days here in Turkey. The proclamation of a constitutional government and amnesty to all political offenders which was issued the last of the week, still seems to me like a dream, although I have constant proofs of the enthusiasm of all the nationalities. Shouts are now coming from some crowd collected somewhere, although it is after ten o'clock. People can scarcely take time to sleep for their joy. Flags and banners on the buildings and badges on the people make all the streets brilliant. Prisoners are being released every day. I just heard to-day of the release of a poor young lad that has been in prison for seven years because some newspapers of a revolutionary tendency were found among his things. A Protestant pastor taken up this spring, and for whom no hope was given, has been pardoned. An Armenian who has suffered much loss and annoyance because his brother was a political exile was called up by the officials who had prosecuted him. They most humbly begged his pardon and said that they had been forced to treat him as they had. The papers proclaim equality and fraternity, and last Sunday Turks, Christians and Jews in one wagon were seen embracing and congratulating one another. I presume that the majority of the people do not know that the poor, miserable, writhing Sultan is under the screws of the young Turkish party, for they shout themselves hoarse in praise of his majesty. I cannot but think that there will be serious times before things are adjusted, but there is much to be thankful for. I do hope that the permit for this Protestant church building may be among the concessions.

Miss Harriet G. Powers, of Brousa, describes the reception of the good news in that city:—

We are soaring these days—how can we walk since we, too, can shout the words, Liberty, Equality, Fraternity? We had our demonstration here

on Tuesday, as our mudir (mayor) did not return from Constantinople until Monday. Young men and old, Christian and Mohammedan (the four to be found here), with banners flying crowded into the official headquarters; some kissed his hand, to others he would not permit this but shook hands warmly, and one or two he slapped on the shoulder in the spirit of comradeship. The mudir himself seemed as glad as most—very likely was a young Turk himself. An old priest read an address, others made speeches congratulating the mudir and audience, and expressing fervent thanks to his majesty and professing ardent loyalty. The mayor responded suitably. Cheers of, Long live our Padishah, handclapping, tears, songs! We cannot yet realize that it is not a dream. God grant that we may never find out that it was only a dream.

One man who had suffered much and long in prison some years ago, in consequence of the false accusations of a spy, came in a quiver of emotion and made an impassioned speech, among other things denouncing the spies and the spy system in words of fire. Oh, the joy of uncurbed speech, at last! As he stepped down into the crowd again, he exclaimed, "I have lived for this hour!" Later the crowd surged up to our door to greet Dr. and Mrs. Chambers, men, women and children, Gregorians, Protestants, and the few Mohammedans, bearing flags and cheering his majesty. They sang in Armenian, "Come Thou Almighty King," and an Armenian song, "Justice, Equality, Fraternity." Oh, you happy people who have never breathed any air but that of freedom, what do you know of the music of such words!

Miss Lillian F. Cole, a nurse in the hospital at Sivas, takes deep interest in the spiritual welfare of her patients, as well as in the cure of the bodily ills. She says:—

One of our patients was the dearest little Circassian boy of fourteen. He had a very serious operation, a malignant tumor on his arm, and his life just hung by a thread for some days, but God was good to us and spared his life. I have never met a boy in this country just like him; he was like one of our nice American boys. He was so interested in the Bible, and as soon as he was able to read himself he would read by the hour. He said so many times, "What a wonderful book it is." His father when he came to see him would sit by his side and read it, and he told me his father had said to him that he wished they had such a book. I gave him one to keep one day and you never saw a happier boy; he said over and over again, "Sister, is this lovely book for me really?" I told him that it was, and I said, "Abdul, will you read it every day?" He said, "Yes, indeed I will." He is the son of wealthy, influential people, and they expect to send him to study in Constantinople and to live with an uncle who is a "pasha" there,

and so you see what an influence he can have if he learns to love the word of God. I am praying that he will not have a return of that dreadful disease. So many of our patients have been interested in the Bible, and we have had so many more Muslims than usual. I am always glad of this because it is my language, and not many of the Armenian women know Turkish, and if they do it is only a little. I hope I can learn Armenian, too, some day.



Our Work at Home

"CONTINUE INSTANT IN PRAYER" FOR TURKEY

BY MISS EMILY C. WHEELER

(Secretary of the Armenian Famine Relief Association and editor of the *Helping Hand*.)

"BEFORE they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear," is the promise of Jehovah, which was answered on July 24th for Turkey; for while from July 21st to the 28th the ladies in session at the Northfield Summer School for Women's Foreign Missionary Societies listened to Mrs. Montgomery's words on Islam and its evils, or studied with various leaders the lesson book for the year, *The Nearer and Farther East*, many fervent prayers went up that the Light of the World might illumine the darkness of Mohammedan lands.

In the granting of a constitution to its varied peoples on that memorable 24th of July, a new day has risen upon Turkey. Shall this new day bring spiritual as well as political regeneration to millions who sit in darkness and the shadow of death? It depends upon the faith of the Christian world. God calls to us still. "The Lord God of Israel would be inquired of." "Continue instant in prayer." "Pray without ceasing" for the two hundred million Mohammedans throughout the world.

Let us lift up our eyes and look upon the fields, white to harvest, that we may see plainly the necessity of calling upon the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers at this critical period. You and I may not go, but God waits for us to pray continually for the right men and women to offer themselves for the blessed work, and for the consecration of parents who will gladly send out their children.

Again, let us send out the call to prayer, like the Moslem, at least five times a day that funds may be forthcoming for carrying on the work in every land. Golden opportunities are lost, because work already opened

must be closed or new work refused, owing to lack of money. When every Christian in this land can pray five times a day for more money for Christ's work the Spirit of God will show each the blessed privilege of systematic offerings toward answering one's own prayers.

Let us not forget to offer special petitions for wisdom for the young Turkish party in Turkey that they may meet wisely the problems which arise before them. We should often remember the Christian races as they come in hourly contact with Moslems. What can they not do, if divinely led and filled with the wisdom and with the love of the Spirit?

With memories of a childhood and sixteen years of missionary life in Turkey, with the hiss of bullets sped by Turkish rifles still in my ears, the strongest memory of all is of those prayer meetings in Harpoot after the massacre, when I heard and saw consecrated men and women praying for the conversion of the Turks while the tears streamed down their cheeks.

I have often wondered why the churches have not had a greater quickening in the past twelve years, since "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church." Perhaps the seed that has lain dormant needs to be quickened by our tears and prayers. Let us read Dr. Zwemer's *Islam: A Challenge to Faith* and *The Mohammedan World of To-day*, and claim for Christ in the land where he was born, the setting up of his kingdom of peace and righteousness. From that land and from Egypt shall go forth the missionaries of the Cross to evangelize most effectively the whole Moslem world.

Let us read Miss Van Sommers' symposium of papers given at Cairo, "Our Moslem Sisters," and Miss Bird's "Persian Women and their Creed," or "Moslem Women," by Mrs. Wilson, and pray at least five times a day for our Moslem sisters in their narrow lives. There are no less than one hundred million of these women.

Can we not particularize as we plead for our sister? Do we realize her physical sufferings, and do we plead for power and love to be given to the physicians and nurses in our mission hospitals? We cannot in our free life realize her mental sufferings from ignorance and a sense of inferiority, degradation and slavery. We cannot understand her fear of evil spirits and how the shackles of superstition and of the harem bind her; but we can pray that she may learn of the blessed Saviour who was so kind to women, and may come to know the Comforter.

We, a nation of homes, may not know what it means to belong to a nation where the word home does not exist, but we can pray as we rejoice in our homes that the time may come speedily when Christ's love shall establish true Christian homes throughout the length and breadth of the Moslem world—homes where he himself shall bring his purity, his grace and his wondrous controlling presence to abide.

I could write a prayer book of petitions for the missionary—the soul she seeks, her hospital, her school, her converts and their work—but I plead with my sisters to study into the needs of the hour, and the needs of the subjects we take up in our United Study of Missions, and to remember that God answers prayer and that he has promised—“Call upon me and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things that thou knowest not”—“difficult things,” as the revision gives it; but, “With God all things are possible,” and this year, as never before, he calls us to be “workers together with God,” “Intercessors.”

Let us not only associate our petitions with our daily tasks, but let us also enter into our quiet room and shut the door and ask the “Holy Spirit to make intercession with groanings which cannot be uttered” for our sisters in darkness. It shall indeed be ours, then, to worship the Lord upon his throne as never before in the beauty of holiness; for we shall know that such intercession will be heard and answered speedily.

A FEW POSSIBILITIES OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD PRAYER CALENDAR

BY MRS. CHAUNCEY J. HAWKINS

HERE are four reasons why the Prayer Calendar should go hand in hand with the LIFE AND LIGHT and other missionary magazines, and have as prominent a place in the homes of every Christian woman in this land.

1. Keep the Prayer Calendar in sight. If your work through the day is mostly in your study, hang the Prayer Calendar close by your desk, in a place where you can glance at it whenever you raise your eyes.

You feel some morning that so many things wait to be done that you scarcely know where to begin. The multitudinous duties of the day seem about to engulf you when your eye catches the name of Miss Laura Smith, Umzumbe Home, Africa. You remember that nearly one hundred girls are now in that school at Umzumbe, which for forty years has been taking girls from their kraals and “training them into Christian womanhood.” You recall that Miss Smith is “principal, mother, doctor, nurse, head of all the teaching, and housekeeper,” and as you think of the variety of her duties and the difficulties under which she labors, your own burdens are lifted and a song of thankfulness wells up in your heart, your lips take up the refrain, and you feel you can truly say with the Psalmist, “The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places.”

This thought will come to you even more forcibly in the kitchen where so many labor-saving devices stand in battle array on the pantry shelves, and all

kinds of canned goods and prepared breakfast foods ready for immediate use await any emergency.

You always knew how much you had to be thankful for, but the Prayer Calendar, hung over the kitchen table, or by the grocer's order list, has made it even clearer. Thus, instead of keeping your mind on pots, pans and kettles, they may travel to China, Japan, India, and to all the foreign fields where we have missionaries where work for the Master waits to be done.

Many mornings you read the names of missionaries you know personally and whom you have entertained in your home. How you rejoice to think their lives have come into such close touch with yours, and have inspired you to do greater things for the kingdom! Is it not a blessed privilege, and does it not enlarge your own sympathies as well as wonderfully enrich and enable your own life?

Another day you read: "God is a kind Father. He sets us all in the places where he wishes us to be employed; and that employment is truly our Father's business."

Then in spite of the heartaches and longings to again see your loved ones who have "gone before," in spite of the fact that you are shut out from the busy, bustling world of service, you feel that you are in the very place where He intended you to be, and there, wherever it may be, you may serve and God will use you for the extension of his kingdom.

By these few illustrations do you not gain a larger vision of the value of the Prayer Calendar and the importance of keeping it in a prominent place? Then as you send your prayers to the throne of grace for others, God's spirit will surely suggest old or new lines of service which he would have you follow that day.

2. As you read your Prayer Calendar mark it. Keep a pencil hanging by it, and when some verse seems especially helpful, write down how it met your needs. If it suggests some other verse make a note of that, or if you think it might help some friend, mark that fact in some way, and before your enthusiasm wanes, send out the cheery, helpful note that may brighten a whole day for some one.

Another verse with pencil lines about it may emphasize the fact that interruptions are not of necessity wasted time, but, of perhaps more far-reaching influence than some work you long to do, also that "disappointments are His appointments."

3. Keep the Prayer Calendars of former years. In these back numbers you will find pictures of missionaries you might like to cut out and mount, or verses you could slip into your envelope or book marked, "Poems that help." Then when some one is in sore trial you will know just what

verses comforted you when God called you to "pass through the deep waters," and you will copy and give them to your friend with a heartfelt prayer that the Father will send his wonderful peace into her life to strengthen and to bless.

4. Read your Prayer Calendar in your morning quiet hour. Read the verse for the day and the names of those for whom you are to pray as soon as you go where the Calendar may be, for the longer you put it off the more apt you are to forget it and lose the inspiration it may have for you.

If you leave it even while you get breakfast, or glance at the newspaper, or look over some interesting magazine, you may put off looking at it still longer, perhaps leaving it until night, when tired with your day's work you read it in a perfunctory way, or not at all.

Then the inspiration you might have had will be lost, the help you might have given will not be thought of, and some worker on the field who might have been strengthened by your prayers will lose what ought to have been hers. God will carry on the work, but the blessing that might have been yours will be another's.

Can you afford to lose all these blessings, these inspiring influences from your life? Can you afford to forget for one day these workers ministering "in His name," who are trying to do your work as well as their own on the field?

FROM THE NORTHFIELD SUMMER SCHOOL

LET us no longer offend and insult the natives in our missionary fields by calling them scornfully, heathen; use rather the softer word, nonchristian.—*Mrs. Thorp.*

The characteristic word of to-day is social. Only those who serve society are truly up to the times.—*Miss Van Wagenen.*

What is our love to God worth if we are not willing to give up something for him.—*Miss Annie Hancock.*

The world cares little for creeds. When we invest our faith with visibility the world will believe.—*Rev. J. Stuart Holden.*

Life is a schoolroom where sits the patient Teacher to train the pupils into his own character and life.—*Ibid.*

The world sees Christ only as our lives manifest him; we may reflect him as prisms reflect the sunbeams.—*Ibid.*

Discipleship must be visible; if we try to hide it we shall lose it, as a light not aired becomes extinct by its own smoke.—*Ibid.*

Raymond Lull saw the vision alone, which was wonderful. It is easy to see it with a crowd, but to see it singly, and to follow it, is hard.—*Mrs. Montgomery.*

Of Ion Keith Falconer. God takes a life, fills it with light, holds it up like a torch till it shines on many, then translates it into another room.—*Ibid.*

We Americans need no revelation more than to see ourselves: to see how hard and proud we are, how narrow, how unlovely, how unsympathetic, unchristian we are, how unappreciative of other races.—*Ibid.*

OUR DAILY PRAYER IN OCTOBER

As all the foreign missionary work of the Congregational churches in America is done under the care of the American Board, we should ask earnestly that guidance and blessing may come to that important organization. The Western Turkey Mission groups its 97 out-stations around 6 central stations. The force numbers 85 American missionaries, with more than 400 native helpers. The Christians are gathered into 44 churches, 13 of them entirely self-supporting, with nearly 5,000 members. More than 8,000 pupils are under instruction, and nearly 20,000 received medical treatment last year.

Miss Griffiths and Miss Prime are teachers in the American College for Girls at Constantinople. The former is now in this country seeking to regain her health. Miss Jenkins is also one of the faculty of the college. Miss Paton has withdrawn from the work. Through all her long missionary life Mrs. Herrick's health has been delicate, yet in quiet ways she has accomplished much by home and friendly ministries. Mrs. Barnum makes a home where "many a weary missionary finds a Saint's Rest." She also does much in neighborhood ways. Mrs. Peet's work outside the home is mainly in schools and Sunday schools. Mrs. Greene carries on a family school where children gather from homes of many races and faiths to learn, not only the ordinary branches with music and drawing, but Bible history and doctrine with hymns and prayers. Mrs. Marden, with Miss Jones and Miss Barker, who is now at home, carry on a most useful city missionary work in the heart of old Stamboul, the Turkish city, known as the work at Gedik Pasha.

Mrs. Baldwin, after many years of active service, is now a "consulting partner" in the Brousa school, where her advice and sympathy help much. Miss Powers and Miss Allen are at the head of this school with nearly 100 pupils, more than 30 of whom are boarders.

The Collegiate Institute at Smyrna last year enrolled more than 230 pupils of many different races and faiths. The kindergarten furnishes a model school for the normal department. Miss McCallum, the principal, is just returning from her furlough, happy in the company of two new assistants, Miss Georgia L. Ely, late of Olivet College, Michigan, and Miss Isabella M. Coleman, of Toronto, Canada. Miss Pohl, sadly worn, is trying to recuperate in Switzerland. Mrs. McNaughton is now in this country. She hopes that when she returns to her field, as her children no longer claim her constant attention, that she may, with her husband, visit

many villages where the gospel is not known. Miss Jillson is a teacher in the Institute.

Miss Halsey, now in this country, has done inestimable service to Turkey by training kindergartners in different stations. Miss Mills is a teacher in the Institute.

The American College for Girls at Constantinople has a unique opportunity for bringing the races together, and in the past year gathered students of sixteen different nationalities.

Mrs. McLachlan's work is specially among the poor Greeks.

Mrs. Caldwell is just returning from her furlough. Mrs. Tracy, whose husband is busy with general missionary work, makes a Christian home in this great Oriental city, "the Paris of the Orient."

Miss Farnham has stood for many years at the head of the school for girls, ably assisted recently by Miss Kinney. Miss Gile hopes to develop a normal department in the school, thus multiplying its influence. Miss Fowle is now with her parents in Cesarea. Miss Riggs teaches in Harpoot in the Eastern Turkey Mission. Mrs. Chambers' work has been largely among the young men under the care of her husband, "to whom many orphans look as to a father." Mrs. Allen's home has been for several years in Scutari, where she has done much for both day and Sunday schools, as well as in women's meetings.

Mrs. Wingate does much for the boys in the school which her husband guides. Mrs. Dodd's "fad" is the mothers' meeting, a blessed and far-reaching work.

The school at Talas numbers between 70 and 80 pupils. Miss Loughridge, now in this country on furlough, and Miss Orvis, are in charge. Miss Cushman is a nurse, and Miss Dwight teaches in the girls' school.

The school at Marsovan enrolled more than two hundred pupils last year, overcrowding all accommodations. Miss Willard, the principal, is at home on furlough. Mrs. Tracy, whose husband is president of Anatolia College, visits the poor, the hospitals, receives and makes many calls, and helps all around her in a thousand ways. Miss Platt teaches music in the boarding school. Mrs. Hoover's tiny daughter claims her first care. Mrs. Riggs does much for the women in her city. Mrs. Smith, now in America, has been matron in the college, which means mother to 250 young men. Mrs. Riggs is at home on furlough.

Miss Ward has just returned from her furlough to her post as teacher in the girls' school. Mrs. White does much teaching among the young men of the college and seminary. Mrs. Carrington is spending some months in Western Europe. Mrs. Elmer is still giving much time to language study.

Miss Burrage, now at home for her furlough, has care of kindergarten work, where she reaches more than one hundred little ones, besides training several young women for this calling. Mrs. Getchell's work is largely with the boys in the preparatory department of the college, of which her husband has charge.

Mrs. Fowle is very busy with many things to help women and home life. Mrs. Irwin and Mrs. Post are largely occupied with the care of home and little ones.

AN Interdenominational Missionary Institute will be held in Ford Hall, Boston, on Saturday, October 3d; sessions at ten and two. The design is to follow in brief the plan of the Northfield Summer School, and special attention will be given to methods helpful to leaders. Drs. Zwemer and Brown, authors of the book for next year's study, have promised to be present.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS

THE Forty-first Annual Meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions will be held in the Asylum Hill Church, Asylum Avenue, Hartford, Conn., Wednesday and Thursday, November 11 and 12, 1908, with a delegates' meeting on Tuesday, November 10th.

The ladies of Hartford will be happy to entertain delegates appointed by the Branches, and women who have ever been under appointment as missionaries by the Woman's Board or the American Board. All such desiring entertainment are requested to send their names to the chairman of the hospitality committee, Mrs. Sidney Williams Clark, 40 Willard Street, Hartford, before October 13th.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS

Receipts from July 18, to August 18, 1908.

MISS SARAH LOUISE DAY, Treasurer.

MAINE.

Western Maine Branch.—Miss Annie F. Bailey, Treas., 52 Chadwick St., Portland. Portland, G. W. J., 5 00

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

New Hampshire Branch.—Miss Elizabeth A. Brickett, Treas., 69 No. Spring St., Concord. Bethlehem, Aux., 10; Greenland, Aux., 32.75; C. E. Soc., 4.51; Keene, Court St. Ch., Aux. (to const. L. M. Mrs. Bessie Gillis), 25; Lee, Jr. Soc., 1.25; Milford, Aux., 38; Newfields, Aux., 8; Newington, Aux., 3.50; North Hampton, Aux., 39.50; Golden Rule M. C., 5; Penacook, Aux., 51; Salmon Falls, Aux. (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. Ella K. Plumer), 27.25; Seabrook and Hampton Falls, Aux., 9; Wentworth, C. E. Soc., 3, 257 76

VERMONT.

Vermont Branch.—Miss May E. Manley, Treas., Box B, Pittsford. Barton, Aux., 9.75; Brookfield, Sunshine Band, 4; Burlington, First Ch., Aux., 72; Randolph Center, Aux., 2.50, 88 25

MASSACHUSETTS.

Andover and Woburn Branch.—Mrs. Margaret E. Richardson, Treas., 22 Berk-

ley St., Reading. Bedford, Miss Emily Davis, 2; Lawrence, South Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 1.67; Trinity Ch., a Friend, 60, M. C., 69.15; C. R., 10, C. E. Soc., 5; Melrose Highlands, Woman's League, 20, 167 82
Cambridge.—Friends, through Mrs. E. C. Moore, 41 00

Essex North Branch.—Mrs. Wallace L. Kimball, Treas., 121 Main St., Bradford. Amesbury, Main St. Ch., Aux. (to const. L. M. Mrs. Louise C. Boultenhouse), 25 00

Essex South Branch.—Miss Sarah R. Safford, Treas., Hamilton. Lynn, a Shut-in, Mrs. Chas. H. Welch, 5, First Ch., C. R., 9.50; Middleton, Willing Workers M. C., 2.50; Salem, Tabernacle Ch., Young Women's Aux., 50 cts., Pro Christo Soc., 12; Swampscott, Pro Christo Soc., 10, 39 50

Franklin Co. Branch.—Mrs. John P. Logan, Treas., 3 Grinnell St., Greenfield. Greenfield, Aux., 10 00

Hampshire Co. Branch.—Miss Harriet J. Kneeland, Treas., 8 Paradise Road, Northampton. Greenwich, Aux., Three Friends, 3; Hatfield, Aux., 32, Wide Awakes, 4; Northampton, Edwards Ch., Aux., 42.53; Westhampton, Aux. (100 of wh. to const. L. M's Mrs. Amos C. Shepard, Mrs. Arthur T. Edwards, Mrs. Dwight Bridgman and Mrs. Emma Montague), 105, Lauman Band, 35; Worthington, Aux., 8, 229 53

<i>Middlesex Branch.</i> —Mrs. Frederick L. Clafin, Treas., 15 Park St., Marlboro. Natick, First Cong. Ch., Aux., 20; South Framingham, S. S. C. R., 5,	25 00
<i>Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch.</i> —Mrs. Mark McCully, Treas., 95 Maple St., Milton. Braintree, Aux., 2.60; Easton, Aux., 23.25; East Milton, Aux., 5; Rockland, "In His Name," 6,	36 85
<i>North Middlesex Branch.</i> —Miss Julia S. Conant, Treas., Littleton Common. Lunenburg, Aux., 30, Westford, Aux., 15,	45 00
<i>Old Colony Branch.</i> —Miss Frances J. Rannels, Treas., 166 Highland Ave., Fall River. Wareham, Cong. Ch., Miss'n Study Cl.,	15 00
<i>Springfield Branch.</i> —Mrs. Mary H. Mitchell, Treas., 1078 Worthington St., Springfield. Holyoke, Second Ch., Agnes R. Allyn Mem. Fund, 20, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5; South Hadley Falls, Jr. Workers, 5; Springfield, First Ch., Aux., 10,	40 00
<i>Suffolk Branch.</i> —Mrs. Frank G. Cook, Treas., 44 Garden St., Cambridge. Boston, Union Ch., Aux., 10; Dedham, Miss Mary E. Dauforth, 15; Dorchester, Second Ch., Aux., 48.91; Village Ch., Aux., 4, Band of Busy Bees, 5; East Boston, Maverick Ch., Miss Sarah E. Delano, 2; Everett, Mystic Side Ch., Ladies' Aid Soc., Len. Off., 4.55; Westfield, Aux. (add'l Len. Off., 2.47), 6.37; Newton, North Ch., Lowry Jr. C. E. Soc., 8; Newton Centre, Y. L. Aux., 30; Newton Highlands, C. E. Soc., 24; Roxbury, Eliot Ch., Aux., 41.50,	197 33
<i>Worcester Co. Branch.</i> —Mrs. Theodore H. Nye, Treas., 15 Berkshire St., Worcester. Barre, Aux., 20; Dudley, S. S. Prim. Dept., 2.30; Grafton, Y. L. M. S. C., 17; Holden, Aux., 7; Lancaster, M. S. C., 36.25; North Brookfield, 12; Shrewsbury, C. E. Soc., 16; Ware, Aux., 8.85; Whitinsville, Aux., 976.10, Extra-Cent-a-Day Band, 15.20, K. D., 80,	1,190 70
Total,	2,062 73

LEGACIES.

<i>Newton.</i> —Margaret J. Guild, by Charles A. Guild, Extr.,	200 00
<i>Ware.</i> —Minerva Collins, by Lewis N. Gilbert, Extr.,	200 00
Total,	400 00

CONNECTICUT.

<i>Eastern Conn. Branch.</i> —Miss Anna C. Learned, Treas., 255 Hempstead St., New London. New London, Mrs. J. N. Harris, 440, First Ch., Aux., 5.35; Plainfield, C. E. Soc., 3,	448 35
<i>Hartford Branch.</i> —Mrs. M. Bradford Scott, Treas., 21 Arnoldale Rd., Hartford. Int. on Clara E. Hillyer Fund, 200; Int. on Bacon Fund, 21.25; Berlin, Aux., 21.60; Enfield, Aux., 70; Hartford, Fourth Ch., Dan. of Cov., 1; Tolland, Aux., 6; West Hartford, Aux., 84.65; Windsor Locks, Aux., 72,	476 50
<i>New Haven Branch.</i> —Miss Edith Woolsey, Treas., 250 Church St., New Haven. A Friend, 550; Bethany, Aux., 7; Bethel, Aux., 7.95; Bridgeport, Miss Sarah F. Blodgett, 3.80, Olivet Ch., Aux., 10, South Ch., Aux., 12; Chester, Aux., 90;	

Cornwall, First Ch., Aux., 24; Durham, Aux., 30; East Hampton, Aux., 44; Ellsworth, Aux., 12.95; Harwinton, Aux., 15; Ivoryton, Aux., 43; Kent, Aux., 1.75; Meriden, First Ch., Aux., 4, Center Ch., Aux., 5; Milton, Aux., 10; Morris, Aux., 5; New Canaan, Aux., 70; New Haven, Center Ch., Aux., 549.33, City Mission, Mothers' Aux., 4, Davenport Ch., Aux., 110, Dwight Place Ch., Aux., 70.15, Grand Ave. Ch., Aux., 2, Howard Ave. Ch., Aux., 2, United Ch., Aux., 1.50, Yale College Ch., Aux., 158,	1,842 43
Total,	2,767 28

LEGACY.

<i>Norwich.</i> —William S. Palmer, by W. S. Allis, Extr.,	1,545 02
NEW YORK.	
<i>Brooklyn.</i> —A Friend,	5 00
<i>New York State Branch.</i> —Mrs. F. M. Turner, Treas., 646 St. Mark's Ave., Brooklyn. Fairport, W. F. M. Soc.,	10 00
Total,	15 00

PHILADELPHIA BRANCH.

<i>Philadelphia Branch.</i> —Miss Emma Flavell, Treas., 312 Van Houten St., Paterson, N. J. D. C., Washington, First Ch., Mission Club, 335, S. S., 20.20, Lincoln Temple, Aux., 15, Mt. Pleasant Ch., Aux., 12.37, C. R., 18; N. J., Asbury Park, S. S., 5; Bound Brook, Aux., 29; Newark, Belleville Ave. Ch., M. B., 10; Plainfield, Aux., 25; Pa., Philadelphia, Central Ch., C. E. Soc., 4,	473 57
--	--------

FLORIDA.

<i>Tampa.</i> —Cong. Miss'y Soc.,	5 00
<i>W. H. M. U.</i> —Mrs. T. F. Daniels, Treas., Orlando. Avon Park, Jr. C. E. Soc.,	5 00
<i>Winter Park.</i> —Aux.,	25 00
Total,	35 00

INDIANA.

<i>Lowell.</i> —Mrs. S. P. Morey,	5 00
GIFTS RECEIVED THROUGH BUILDINGS COMMITTEE.	
<i>Vermont.</i> —St. Johnsbury, Mrs. T. M. Howard, 100, Mrs. Ashton Willard, 25; Woodstock, Mrs. Frederick Billings, 250,	375 00
<i>Massachusetts.</i> —Lancaster, M. S. C., 5; Shrewsbury, Mrs. Ida L. Bement, 25,	30 00
Total,	405 00

Donations,	5,616 95
Buildings,	405 00
Specials,	92 64
Legacies,	1,945 02
Total,	8,059 61

TOTAL FROM OCT. 18, 1907 TO AUGUST 18, 1908.

Donations,	82,442 14
Buildings,	10,823 50
Specials,	2,877 00
Legacies,	6,140 81
Total,	\$102,283 45

Board of the Pacific

President.

MISS LAURA M. RICHARDS,
Saratoga, Cal.

Treasurer.

MISS MARY McCLEES,
Adams Street, Oakland, Cal.

Foreign Secretary.

MRS. E. R. WAGNER,
San Jose, Cal.

Editor Pacific Department in Life and Light.

MRS. J. K. McLEAN.

WORK FOR WOMEN, BY WOMEN IN PAGODA ANCHORAGE DISTRICT, CHINA

BY MRS. GEORGE H. HUBBARD

THE number of Bible women for the year 1907 continued the same as for the previous year, eight women, with six station classes. The *personnel* was somewhat changed, as some left the work and others were put in their places.

Unfortunately, owing to the great pressure of other duties, we have not been able to go about with the women in the various station classes, either to help them as much as they and we could wish; but no doubt the most of them have tried to do their work faithfully. As to the results apparent, it would be most difficult to attempt putting them down in technical terms; but the dear Lord himself knows how best to "number the people," and to sum up net gains.

The number studying in each class varied from three to nine. If this seems few, it must be considered that most of these women are very poor indeed, and have to work hard all day at some form of woman's work for a miserable pittance, to eke out the family income. So when it comes to spending three or four hours over books, with no tangible benefit money-wise to offset this "waste of time," it frequently happens that a husband or mother-in-law, or some other important personage, rises to oppose the project. Sometimes a woman very much in earnest and clever will manage to outwit her opposers and make time somehow. Or perhaps she will take the evening for reading, after the required amount of work is done. The faith-

ful teacher is glad to do this way also, if "by any means she can win some," even though she may have been about during the day doing visitation work, or teaching others in the afternoon. The evening class has some advantages—when the day's work is done and the mind is at ease to take its earned privilege; and the study hour is closed with evening devotions, a benediction upon the inquiring souls as they retire to rest.

Most of our Bible women combine the work of teaching a class part of the time with "talking the Book" from house to house; and this is found to be a much more satisfactory arrangement than to do either alone.

If we were to choose one to represent this company of workers, the name of Sang-So would stand first. She is a bright, alert little woman, with not a great deal of learning, for illness in the family obliged her to give up studying before she was half through the course in the Training School. But she certainly keeps fresh what she does know; and is eager to add to her knowledge at every opportunity. With her cheery smile and genial presence, and ever readiness to help, she is welcome wherever she goes. She is a thorough believer in prayer, whether the matter be small or great; whether it be asking the Lord to help her escape the approaching shower when returning home after a trip of work, or whether it be praying for the recovery of the sick—her faith is strong in the power of prayer.

One day when Sang-So was hastening to a place where she was expected for the night, to teach the lone but earnest woman, she was called into a house where lay an infant apparently in the last hour of life. The babe was of the fourth generation under that roof; the only child of its parent, and precious in the sight of all its relatives. Said the great-grandmother: "We understand you have some power to drive away illness. We have offered gifts to the gods, and repeated prayers over and over again, also called in our own physician; but all of no avail. You are a follower of the Jesus doctrine; we beg you to aid us if possible, and if the child lives, we will truly throw away our idols, come to learn at the chapel, and help support the preacher with our money."

"I am no doctor," replied Sang-So; "all I can do is to pray to my God, and you yourselves must believe, too." She took the little one on her lap, noting the pallor of the face, its wee, cold hands, with the blood settling under the finger nails; then poured forth her heart in petition for its life. They would not let her go away, insisting that she should stay till morning and see how the child was then. She improved the opportunity to teach more about the doctrine, answering questions, speaking words of reproof and love. It was past midnight before she had a chance to rest her weary head. The next morning baby was evidently better, and when she stopped to in-

quire two or three days later, on her return, he seemed quite out of danger and the family were all happy.

They are people of some means, and the result of that visit was to secure personal interest and money for the struggling church in the place. One of the half-grown sons is eagerly studying our Christian books, in order to pass examinations for entrance into our Mission College, so as in time to obtain the coveted diploma.

Our Bible women often come across places and homes where the Catholic influence is very perceptible. It is quite easy to become a Catholic Christian, for one needs only to pay a little money once a year, go to church about as often, repeat over and over a few words of prayer to Mother Mary, which, in the minds of most, is about the same thing as praying to their own Goddess of Mercy. It is a matter of constant argument between the Protestant and Catholic as to the humanity of Jesus Christ, for "how can it be that the son should be greater than his mother, which is contrary to all the teachings of our wisest sages?" Well is it for the Bible woman if she is firmly grounded in the teachings of the Gospels, when trying to lead the dark soul into light.

The Vegetarian is also a sect with which we often have to deal. Such, generally, are very zealous in their religious belief, willing to give long years of denial, hoping thus to gain the good will of the gods through their own merits. One poor, sad woman told the Bible woman of many years of strict vegetarian life and faithful worship; yet the gods permitted death to seize all her children and her husband, leaving her desolate. To such the teacher tells of no merit on one's own part; just the being willing to receive free grace—love received and love given in return.

Oftentimes we receive idols that the Bible women have obtained as trophies. In one home there were two idols seated side by side on a high shelf, as an earnest Christian woman sat talking about the true God. Her hearers assented in part, saying they did not believe very much in the idols themselves. "Will you give me those idols?" asked the teacher. "Yes, if you will get them yourself and run the risk of harm, for we do not dare do such a thing with our own hands; yet, if the gods are removed, we will not worship any more." So they looked on at her bravery, while she remarked, as she shook off the dust of years, "I'm going to give these to the missionary lady, for her children to play with, or to send home to her own country for the people there to see what stupid things we worship in this country!"

In a certain hamlet, away off by itself, through the teaching and persuasive power of the Bible woman, many of the gods and idol pictures were collected from out of the houses into a pile, the whole sprinkled with oil,

then burned. The people professed themselves believers in the true God, and seemed happy in the performance of the deed. The teacher went away for a season, then returned to inquire into the welfare of the new converts. Most of them were quite content to be without their old gods, said they were praying every day to the true one, and no misfortune had happened to them because of their daring deed.

But one man was greatly troubled, and said to her: "You have taken away all my idols, my kitchen god, my doorkeeper god (a paper representation pasted on the entrance door), and others, not leaving me even an incense stick to look at. Of course it is all right. I don't believe in that sort of thing anyway. But yet what can I have in place to look at? Somehow I don't feel peaceful if I can't see something fitting this new religion, and I'm sure I should know better how to pray if only my eyes had something to look at."

It happened that the preacher of the nearest town was in the place at the same time, and quite an artist in his way. So this Bible woman and the preacher had a private conference, the result of which was a picture, drawn on red paper, of an upright cross. Close beside the cross is a vine planted in the ground. The vine twines itself about the cross until it reaches the crosspiece, where it divides into two branches on either side; from these spring out other branches, and tendrils, too, with bunches of grapes hanging down on both sides.

That evening they had a meeting, read the fifteenth chapter of John, and with the newly made picture for illustration, explained the Parable of the Vine and Branches. Afterwards, this paper was pasted upon the door of the house where the "weak brother" lived.

"Now," he said, "I have the symbol upon my door. And as you have so kindly taught me, when I pray I will look at this cross and think of Jesus who died on it for me. Then I will look at the branches, and pray to be like one of these springing out of the main vine, and clinging to the cross, so that by and by I can bear fruit. Surely, now, no evil spirits will get past the cross through the door to harm me."

There is no doubt but that the mass of people, even the ignorant women, are waking up to the emptiness of idolatry,—half believing, half doubting, half brave, half afraid,—and it requires educated, consecrated, Spirit-filled women to meet the needs of the hour.

Let us pray yet more fervently than ever before, that our present force of Bible women and station-class teachers may be fired with increasing zeal to show forth that Christ only and entirely is the soul's greatest need.

Board of the Interior

President.

MRS. LYMAN BAIRD,
No. 9, The Walton, Chicago, Ill.

Recording Secretary.

MISS M. D. WINGATE,
Room 523, 40 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Treasurer.

MRS. S. E. HURLBUT,
1454 Asbury Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

Assistant Treasurer.

MISS FLORA STARR.

Editor of "Mission Studies."

MISS SARAH POLLOCK, Room 523, 40 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Chairman of Committee on "Life and Light."

MRS. G. S. F. SAVAGE, 628 Washington B'd, Chicago, Ill.

THE KOBE WOMAN'S EVANGELISTIC SCHOOL

BY MRS. ARTHUR STANFORD, KOBE, JAPAN

June 26, 1908.

Our year of teaching has come to an end, but not so the work for which your school stands. The women of the upper classes are just going out for their six months of evangelistic work before they take their last two terms of study. They go with much fear and trembling, almost painfully aware of their own weakness and inexperience. They go with many hopes and anticipations, longing to be used by the Master in the precious work of helping human lives and saving souls. They go armed and equipped with admonitions and counsels, for during the last weeks each teacher or pastor who has spoken to the women at morning chapel gave them plenty of advice on the subject of their summer's work. They are to do this, they are to do that; they are not to do this, they are not to do that; and if they can manage to achieve the composite ideal of all these exhortations, they surely will be model Bible women.

Of the five members of the class Kuroda San is to be employed by one of the Kumi-ai churches, the Tamon Church here in Kobe, taking the place of their regular Bible woman, which has been vacant for a few months. The other four are to work in connection with our missions. Of the two who go to the Island of Shikoku one will be stationed at Saijo, where the church is weak, and without pastor or evangelist. The most hopeful thing about work there is a Sunday school of three hundred and thirty children, the result of the labors of the last Bible woman, which will afford Takagi

San an open door of opportunity. The other one, Seko San, goes to Matsuyama to work in connection with the Komachie Church; and to help in conserving the forces set in motion there during the recent evangelistic campaign. The youngest member of the class, Kobayashi San, goes to help in Tsuyama, where the workers have had their hands more than full since the special meetings in the winter. The oldest one, Fukunaga San, is to be in what is probably the hardest place of all—Kurayoshi, over in the Tottori field—hard, not because there is so much to do, but because the work, like the country, is backward. There have been great changes since we spent a couple of months in that field, ten years ago, and the outlook is said to be very hopeful now. But still she will not find “the field white unto the harvest,” as is the condition in so many places, and may have much less to encourage her there than her classmates will have. And so as you remember these fine women in your prayers, for that is why I am writing this, that you may pray for them, and by name, please pray especially for her, that her faith and courage fail not.

In general the work of the women will be Sunday-school work, with much of house-to-house visiting, Bible readings and classes. We were fortunate in securing for this class the service of an experienced pastor for the work in homiletics during the past term, and he reports the result of the “sermon test” a few days ago as very satisfactory.

Many of the members of the lower classes are going home for the two months of vacation; but wherever they are I know they will be eager to pass on to others the help they have gained during their stay here. One wishes to spend the summer at her own home, because it has come to her, as it did to Gideon, that home is the place to commence, and her non-christian parents have expressed the hope that she would be able to lead her younger brother into the Christian life. Another one does not wish to go home because she has discovered that her older brother is arranging a marriage for her. Her mother, not a Christian, has left her free to give herself to work for Christ, because some years ago this daughter’s life was despaired of, and when the untiring efforts of physician and nurse restored her to the family the mother looked upon her as another daughter. She would have felt it her duty to arrange a marriage for the one who died, but this new one who was given her shall do as she pleases, and she pleases to be left out of her brother’s plans.

One of the women is the wife of an evangelist, and it is at a great sacrifice that they have planned for her to have this long-coveted year of study. As she goes home for the summer she is expecting to walk fifteen miles over a hard mountain road, to save expense.

One day this last week our upper-class women gave an exhibition of their skill in foreign cooking, inviting the foreign teachers to a three-course supper of their own preparation. The menu was simple, but the shrimp curry, salad and lemon jelly pudding were all delicious. There is a great demand for classes in foreign cooking now, and it was with the aim of enabling our women to turn this demand to account in the work that we have added it to our curriculum. We hope the cooking classes held by these five women during the summer and fall will be the means of attracting to the churches many women who otherwise would not be reached.

One of the pleasures of this busy month of June has been entertaining the Sunday-school class of old ladies intrusted to me by Miss Barrows during her absence. The devotion of these old ladies to their church and meetings is most inspiring. We planned for thirty that afternoon, but the number reached forty. During the meeting the cook sent down town for some cake to piece out with, and by not being too generous with our ice cream we came out all right. At such gatherings it is the custom to have a meeting first and then the social, but this time the meeting itself was almost a social, for I had invited the president of the Japanese Woman's Missionary Society, who has recently spent several months in work in Korea, to tell us some of her experiences. She brought many postal cards and other pictures, and it was very interesting and most informal.

One of the leading members came late; and when she learned she had missed being in the photograph Mr. Stanford had taken to send to Miss Barrows she looked so crestfallen that I set my wits to work to repair the damage. After meeting and refreshments were over I asked her if she would please come out on the veranda and let Mr. Stanford "snap" her and the beautiful large basket of flowers she had sent up from her summer house that morning. She was as delighted as a child, and wants one of these pictures, even if her son is the leading photographer in the city.

In looking back over the year one of my greatest regrets is that the school work has so absorbed time and strength that I have been able to do little for the many lives with which we come in touch here in Kobe. I hope I may be able to plan better next year.

A MISSIONARY, when asked what he considered the greatest obstacle to the speedy evangelization of the world, replied, "The greatest obstacle is not to be found in the strongholds of paganism and Mohammedanism, but it is found in the home churches—in individual hearts."

THE GRAVE ON THE HILLSIDE

BY MISS HARRIET L. OSBORNE

(From *Mission Studies*)

NEAR one of our compounds is a new grave. It is just outside the wall, and seems to lie close to it for shelter. It is such a little grave, only three or four feet long, and such a sad little grave, for the soil is stony and hard, and only weeds and rank grass grow about, and no sweet, tender flowers. A few months ago, on a bright, warm, sunny day, when the world was just running mad with fun and frolic, and everything was reveling in joy, this grave was made.

Some happy little duck herders were playing about the great rocks on this hillside when one of them looked up and saw a curious procession coming toward them. "See! this what a man comes to bury," he said, and leaving their sport the three sat down to watch the approaching line. It was a pathetic little line, only a rough board coffin swinging from a stout bamboo pole across the shoulders of two men, and a sad, bowed man following wearily behind. "Why not blow horns or bring the paper rooster to lead the spirit home?" said one. "Very poor they are; it is the Jesus doctrine man," said another. "I heard men to-day say little sister had taken sickness. Perhaps she has passed beyond." And they went closer to see.

And they saw the bearers come to a hole close to the wall at the top of the hill, and when the men attempted to lower the box, small as it was, they saw the hole was quite too short. And they saw the old man sit down on a stone and bury his face in his hands, while the two rough men, silent and subdued for once, went away for iron picks to dig in the earth and make the hole larger. They watched until all was done, and the coffin was covered out of sight by the rough clods of red earth, and the old man still sat and did not move. Then they realized that the sun was down, the glad, bright day was over, and in its place was dark and cloud and chill, and they hurried away to find their ducks and drive them home.

So the night found the old man alone with his grief and the cheerless grave of his little girl. By why this despair if he is indeed the Jesus doctrine man and believes in God? Because by his own hand, though that hand was guided by ignorance, the father had taken his little one's life. Had he but known! had he but known! Over and over the events of that awful day the stricken man goes, until the poor brain is in a whirl, and he is well-nigh crazed with grief.

Early that morning the little daughter, Bright Jewel, had complained of

bowel trouble and pain. Simple remedies were given, but without effect. She could eat no breakfast, and the pain increased. What was to be done? There was no physician there to call. To take the child on the launch to Foochow seemed an impossible thing, and surely she would be better soon. As her cries increased the father thought of the bottle of medicine bought last year at Foochow for the same sickness, and climbing up on a chair he found it on the top shelf of the closet. "But," the mother had said, "it has not its former look." "Truly, mother," the father had replied, "it must be the one pattern. No man has put a hand to it. It cured me well." And so the medicine was given, one spoonful and another and another, in hopes that Bright Jewel soon would be rid of the distress.

But not so. Instead of improving the child grew steadily worse. And now an awful thirst seemed to burn and scorch her, until the mother, in despair, cried: "How shall we do? how shall we do? Can no man help?" "Once again try the medicine, and if it does not now benefit the bottle shall be thrown away. Truly it is black. I remember not this blackness. I will give her no more." But, indeed, there was no need of medicine now. Bright Jewel was beyond the help of man. Too late the father knew that as the medicine evaporated the wicked opium had been left strong and deadly, and that every drop had poisoned the delicate body and consumed the precious life. The fond father, with all loving attention, had done his best. This had proved his worst. But he did not know, and there was no one there to tell him. Think you the shadow of this sorrow will ever be lifted from that home?

As we see the stony grave on the hillside, the white face of the man as he passes, and know that broken health has forced the mother to give up her important work as Bible teacher, our hearts are heavy with sympathy, and, too, with an awful dread. And why this dread? Because a similar tragedy may occur at any time under our own roof. Sixty-four Chinese are with us at the Abbie B. Child School. For the lives of these sixty-four we are directly responsible. We, too, who never in our lives have had one hour's medical training. Fifteen Bible women and as many classes of women who are learning to read the Bible are within easy reach in the district. For these there is no physician nearer than Foochow. But these make only a small fraction of the whole. To thousands and thousands of men, women and children outside trained medical skill never reaches out its hand of healing.

One of our missionaries, after twenty-three years of ministering to the sick, said to-day: "If I had a young sister with medical training at home, no matter how attractive might be her opening there, I'd urge her to come.

I can think of no more satisfactory work for a woman in this world than to bring healing to the sick souls and bodies of the women of China." And she herself, hearing the call of China, had given up an enviable profession and a growing practice in one of our largest home cities, that she might respond. The magnitude of the work she has done here will never be fully known until God's great report day. There must be some young woman at home ready to consecrate her God-given talents to this God-given opportunity for service.

Who will come to Diong-loh and help us?

AN AFRICAN CRIPPLE

Mrs. Thompson wrote this story some time ago when in the Zulu Mission :—

WE were much interested in a man we found in a kraal where we went to hold service. The place is among the hills, some distance from the road and out of the reach of school and church.

We found him to be crippled in one foot and hopelessly ill, though not suffering intensely. He was very glad to see us. He noticed we carried a Testament and asked to take it. He opened it and began to move his lips as if spelling out the words. Miss Hance said, "I wish you could read it; it would be such a comfort to you in your sickness." His face brightened and he held the book longingly in both hands for a moment or two, then said, with great emphasis, "I can read it all."

We thought that impossible in a kraal with only heathen around him. How could he learn to read? Miss Hance said, "Oh, you went to school when you were a boy."

He replied: "I went a month; then my parents took me out to work. I did not pay any attention to what little I learned until I was sick; then I wanted to learn, and tried to remember the letters, and when anyone passed who could read, I asked them about this one and that one. A Christian man gave me a Testament and I kept on trying in this way until I learned to read." He read several chapters for us with beautiful expression.

He has also learned to write all the alphabet in the same way, except the letter *v*. This he asked us to write for him.

With the reading of the Word, God sent his Spirit, changing him from a heathen "altogether bad," as he says himself, to a truly converted man, as it seems to us. His one thought is Jesus; his great desire, to know the way of life. He says he is glad God shut him in that he might be saved, "For I had been going wrong all the time, and after I was sick I saw the way of

the world is narrow—it comes to nothing—but the way of God grows broader and broader.” He is so happy in his trust his whole face beams with joy. In a heathen hut with evil all around him, and ignorant himself, he is a wonderful example of what God’s Spirit can do for those who are shut away from earthly help.

MISSIONARY LETTERS

Extract from a letter from Mrs. Christie, Tarsus, December 9, 1907:—

Nearly every day we hear something to encourage us about our former pupils. They are teaching and preaching in scores of towns and villages, and if not in the desk they are still men whose influence is felt for good wherever they are. The business man, Joseph, served his day and generation as truly as did the priests and prophets among the Jewish people.

Only a few days ago one of our graduates, for some years a teacher, and now filling a responsible place in a cotton factory, told me of his success in arousing interest in education among the rich Greeks in Tarsus; and of how they had formed a school committee, and given a thousand dollars and hired teachers and opened a school for their children, and had resolved to put up a building, and make it their aim to fit boys for the institute (St. Paul’s). Two childless men had given between \$60 and \$70 each. This same young man is giving every dollar he can spare, after supporting his widowed mother, to keep a brother, also our graduate, in the medical school in Beirut, “that there may be a Christian Greek doctor in Tarsus.” The present doctor among the Greeks is an utterly rotten man morally.

The above-mentioned young man came to us from working in the mines, absolutely penniless. A lady, now gone to her reward, helped us to keep him, and later his brother. They did well in every respect, and I cannot think of all their lives mean to their people as an uplifting influence without feeling tears of gratitude spring to my eyes.

One day the old mother, seeing some young Greek rowdies pass under the window, defiling the air by a drunken song, seized my hands, and exclaimed: “My boys might have been like those if you had not taken them in. What could I, a poor, stupid old woman, have done for a family of fatherless children in our wicked little village?”

Miss Frances K. Bement writes from Shaowu, China:—

We have just returned home from a delightful trip a little longer than our last long one. We had such a good Bible conference for the women at Kien Nen. The women there certainly are an inspiration.

They had been praying for, preparing for, and earnestly studying their Bibles for this conference for six months before. The women did most of the speaking, and their talks showed that they had been studying their Bibles.

We shall have ten new Bible classes for women this year, most of them taught by girls from the boarding school. All of the churches are asking me to provide for them, and I am so glad to have so many earnest workers to send out. We shall have all of these additional classes without any extra

appropriation. One Bible woman is to be wholly supported by the Chinese and three others largely so.

We have been so pleased with our Bible conferences, and what they seemed to mean to the women, that we have already arranged for four more this spring.

It is so expensive to try to have one conference for the whole field, and even when we try, only a part of the out-stations are represented. But by dividing up the field we are able to gather the women into five or six companies, and hundreds hear and enjoy the meetings. In this way I have been able to look after the women's work, which was practically all put into my care when Miss Walker left for furlough. Of course three women could find enough to do.

Miss Funk has attended the two women's meetings here in Shaowu held weekly, and she visits part of two afternoons each week and has taught a primary arithmetic class in written work. She says she can teach that without talking, only correcting the problems and saying yes and no.

She spends an hour each evening in the school attending prayers and during a study-hour period. She has helped sister much in looking after the workmen on the house; it is not yet enclosed but will be in a few weeks. The school building is all plastered and stained with native stain inside, and everyone is delighted with it. How I wish you might see it.

One of the graduates will teach nearly all of the music this term, thus making sister's work much less. But we would like some one who could take charge of the music and help with the other teaching.

I wish you could attend our Sunday school. I have put off being superintendent as long as I could, but there seems to be no other way. I hope not to have this position long. Shaowu has never had a real Sunday school for more than a few weeks, it seems to drift back into a preaching service. Now we have more good teachers and we hope to continue.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF THE INTERIOR

MRS. S. E. HURLBUT, TREASURER

RECEIPTS FROM JULY 10 TO AUGUST 10, 1908

COLORADO	\$50 00		
ILLINOIS	1,773 11	Previously acknowledged	\$45,358 56
INDIANA	18 37		
IOWA	325 44	Total since October, 1907	\$49,780 57
KANSAS	144 37		
MICHIGAN	159 64		
MISSOURI	355 68		
NEBRASKA	84 20		
OHIO	316 16	FOR BUILDING FUND.	
SOUTH DAKOTA	165 27	Receipts for the month	\$133 77
WISCONSIN	231 14	Previously acknowledged	7,169 10
CONNECTICUT	179 73		
MASSACHUSETTS	428 40	Total since October, 1907	\$7,302 87
NEW MEXICO	2 00		
TEXAS	5 50		
CHINA	11 00	ADDITIONAL DONATIONS FOR SPECIAL OBJECTS.	
JAPAN	15 00	Receipts for the month	\$95 00
TURKEY	7 50	Previously acknowledged	763 53
MISCELLANEOUS	150 00		
Receipts for the month	\$4,122 01	Total since October, 1907	\$858 53

MISS FLORA STARR, Ass't Treas.

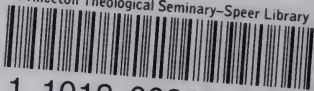


For use in Library only

For use in Library only

I-7 v.38
Life and Light for Woman

Princeton Theological Seminary-Speer Library



1 1012 00316 7436